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local authorities insisted on annexing the lunatics' pensions in return for their maintenance, and left the wives and children destitute.

"Better for the women and little ones if their breadwinner had died," said the secretary of the Patriotic Fund; "then at least, their families would have had his pension."

Well, what is being done for the 17,808 "medically unfit"? This is the national provision: If the men are totally incapacitated — paralyzed, for instance, or shot through the lungs — they get 2s. 6d. a day. That is fairly good, and not to be grumbled at, perhaps.

But the others? They get a smaller pension — falling sometimes as low as 6d. a day — in proportion to the severity of their disablement. But it is not pretended that this sum is going to keep these "miserables" and their wives and families. The real burden is shifted on to voluntary agencies like Lloyd's Patriotic Fund. These agencies try to get the men started in civil life. But what employers in these days of fierce competition and Employers' Liability Acts are going to take the lame, the halt and the blind into their service?

Naturally, the chances of these soldiers are "pretty small," as the secretary of the Patriotic Fund phrased it. Epileptics, men with diseased hearts, victims of gunshot wounds — nobody wants such employees. So the fund helps them with money. It can only give a maximum of £20 apiece. Nothing else can be expected out of resources which amounted originally to but £127,000, and are now reduced to some £57,000.

After that? Nobody knows. The men and their families are submerged — and lost.

Of the 17,808 soldiers discharged as medically unfit, the Patriotic Fund has had applications for help from 14,000. But it could only assist some 6,500 of these. As for the remainder — well, we are past our Mafeking days, and busy with other things. Please not to distract the national attention.

The moral of all this is startling, and it is inevitable from the inhuman business of war. But who will heed it? — *Herald of Peace.*

### Preparation for Murder.

In one of his recent productions Tolstoy writes as follows:

"Kings and emperors are surprised and horrified when one of themselves is murdered, and yet the whole of their activity consists in managing murder and preparing for murder. The keeping up, the teaching and exercising of armies, with which kings and emperors are always so much occupied, and of which they are the organizers, what is it but preparation for murder?"

"The masses are so hypnotized that, though they see what is continually going on around them, they do not understand what it means. They see the unceasing care kings, emperors and presidents bestow on disciplined armies, see the parades, reviews and manœuvres they hold, and of which they boast to one another, and the people eagerly crowd to see how their own brothers, dressed up in bright colored, glittering clothes, are turned into machines to sound of drums and trumpets, and who, obedient to the shouting of one man, all make the same

movements; and they do not understand the meaning of it all.

"Yet the meaning of such drilling is very clear and simple. It is preparing for murder. It means the stupefying of men in order to convert them into instruments for murdering.

"And it is just kings and emperors and presidents who do it, and organize it, and pride themselves on it. And it is the same people, whose special employment is murder-organizing, who have made murder their profession, who dress in military uniforms, carry weapons (swords at their side), who are horror-struck and indignant when one of themselves is killed.

"What must indeed be going on in the head of some William of Germany when any silly or horrid thing he may say is always met with an enthusiastic '*Hoch!*' and commented on as if it were something very important by the press of the whole world? He says that soldiers should be prepared to kill their own fathers in obedience to his command. The answer is '*Hurrah!*' He says the Gospel must be introduced with a fist of iron; '*Hurrah!*' He says that the army must not take any prisoners in China, but kill all, and he is not placed in a lunatic asylum, but they cry '*Hurrah!*' and set sail for China to execute his orders."

### My Dreams.

BY FREDERIC PASSY.

Translated from the *Correspondance Gromier*, Paris.

I dream of liberty, civil, political and economic. By this I mean the full development of individual activity, and equality of rights in the different domains of intelligence, of industry and of commerce.

I dream of peace, in the interior of each state, social peace, through mutual respect and mutual goodwill, under the common guaranty of a law which shall be just, impartial and the same for all.

I dream of peace beyond the limits of the state, international peace, through the abandonment of the aggressions of hate, of jealous prejudices, of animosities and feelings of revenge, sprung from former iniquities and pregnant with evils for the future.

I dream of the progressive reduction of the monstrous armaments which now rob labor, wealth, even poverty itself, of the greatest part of that which belongs to them, which take the workmen from their shops, the savants from their laboratories and their researches, the cultivators from the fields, the sons from their families, and impose hourly upon the populations already weakened and prostrated the dread of coming disasters of which they may become at the same time the victims and the instruments.

I dream that there will be among the different parts of the great body of humanity, between the North and the South, between the East and the West, between the continents bound together by the oceans which seem made to separate them forever, a free and perpetual exchange of ideas, of products, of services, of benefits, which shall transform this world, hitherto so bent upon mutual destruction, into a single workshop, a single market, a single family.

O ye peoples who pretend to be free, ye peoples of the great Republic of France and of the great Republic of